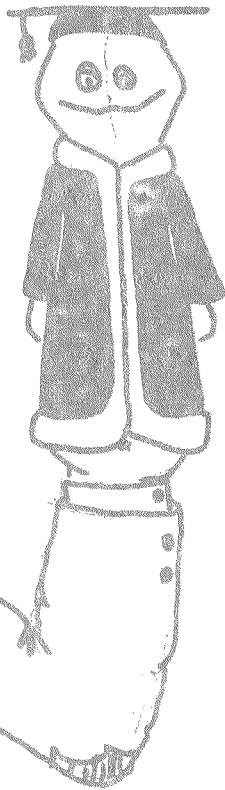


THE FORUM

School Of Community And Public Affairs

CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY



R.I.P.

FRIEDA FROG B.A. S.C.P.A.

AFTER A LONG BATTLE TO RID HER OF TYPEWRITTERITIS, INFLAMATION OF THE BRAIN'S TERMPAPER DUCTS AND EXAM CELLS WHICH BECAME INSURMOUNTABLE WHEN SHE WAS VICIOUSLY ATTACKED BY A STUDENT'S DOG.

IT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED THAT FRIEDA SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HER LIFE WITHOUT HER FAMILIAR SQUEAKY VOICE WHEN A STUDENT OF THE SCHOOL SURGICALLY REMOVED HER VOCAL CHORDS (WITHOUT ANASTHETIC).

FRIEDA WILL BE REPRESENTED BY HER COUSIN KERMIT WHO IS TO OFFICIATE AT THIS YEAR'S YEAR END PARTY.

THE FORUM IS A
PUBLICATION OF
THE STUDENT'S
ASSOCIATION OF
S.C.P.A. AND
IS EDITED BY THE
FORUM COMMITTEE

DAVID PETITO
MATTHEW BOON
JARMELP DELISI
SANDRA PERIN

Welcome to the final issue of the FORUM for the school year. It's a goody, folks! It deals with issues ranging in perspective from our own little community to the provincial and national scenes, and onto the international realm. What more can we ask from students in community and public affairs??? However, one must recognize that in dealing with "controversial" issues, opinions and ideas may differ and we welcome any serious and creditable rebuttals for the next issue. At this point, it is important for the editorial committee to mention the fact that if certain articles are deemed to be sexist, senseless and/or racist, that these articles will not be printed. We seriously resent the fact that certain students approached us with ultimatums such as "print or else". Therefore, given the vagueness of the editorial committee's functions, we have decided to devote some time over the summer to writing tentative editorial guidelines to be submitted to the House in September for approval.

Now that the "serious business" is out of the way, some thanks are in order. To the guy who was always there when Carmela needed him, love and kisses to Gilles. To the CUSA night secretary, thanks for the quick work on the second issue. Thanks to Frieda who posed on every cover (move over Cheryl Teigs). And finally, thanks to all the contributors, a brick for those who didn't, and a special thanks to US.

THE SCHOOL OF COMMUNITY AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BY RONDA G. STOLLER

At the School of Community and Public Affairs, much emphasis has been placed on Public Affairs. In all fairness, the community dimensions of the School must be examined as well. By examining what a community is, it is possible to see how our school has become more than just a school and why many of us have become so attached to it.

There are three types of communities, all of which apply to the SCPA. The first is a geographic definition and refers to an organized group of individuals living in (or in our case sharing) a specified area with some political autonomy and interdependence; unification, co-operation and collaboration. In other words, relationships develop through the inevitable interaction of the individual members and those associated with the School. The third type is functional and maintains that communities are made up of people who share a common purpose, function, or interest which draws them together in association and organization.

"Man is a social animal", and hence, the tendency to come together and form communities is a natural instinct. Our need for one another is essential for the survival of our community as well as our emotional well-being. In order to ensure both of these essentials, we must carefully nurture our need and direct it in the right directions.

For many of us, the community aspect of the School satisfies this need and becomes like a second home. This becomes even more evident when the School can be seen to resemble a typical family with its patterns of authority, sibling rivalry and family secrets. We must be careful with our community and ensure its survival because of its importance for us. Without these dimensions of our community, the SCPA would be just another university program in the institutionalized educational system, instead of the progressive, innovative community that it has become.

*The second refers to the community as a process by and through which people are learning attitudes and behaviors of interdependence.

UN TEMPS DE REFLEXION S'IMPOSE

Lyne St-Jacques

La fin de l'année scolaire arrive à grands pas ! Nous sommes arrivés (très souvent de peine et de misère) à passer "au travers" des élections pour notre gouvernement étudiant, les travaux et les examens de Noël, l'épidémie de grippe de janvier (qui laisse encore ses séquelles), la "reading week", le voyage à New York, la révision de l'Ecole par la division IV, la journée de l'EAPC, le "Beer Bash" et autres activités étudiantes et, avec un peu de chance, nous vaincrons la course pour finir notre session (travaux et examens y tout) en beauté (sinon sans dépression nerveuse majeure) ... !

Cette année a vu s'accomplir un nombre de projets nouveaux (pour n'en nommer que quelques uns) : notre plus grand succès est sans doute le Comité des Affaires Publiques qui compte plus d'une dizaine d'étudiants. Le Party de Noël en fut un très mémorable et très agréable si l'on se rappelle la salle de réception, la bonne nourriture et la musique. Le voyage de New York fut une grande réussite: tous les participants ont paru apprécier l'itinéraire et les sujets abordés (c'est aussi une petite merveille de ne pas avoir eu quelques "inconvenients" comme perdre du monde dans le métro et Harlem et de ne pas avoir eu à faire des visites à l'hôpital ou au poste de police). Enfin, les weekends de Lacolle (en septembre et en janvier derniers) ont permis à plusieurs étudiants de discuter de sujets qui leur tiennent à cœur et cela dans une atmosphère détendue.

Cette année en fut une, aussi, de petits et grands "accrochages": plusieurs projets ont eu du mal à être réalisés à cause du manque de motivation des étudiants en tant que membres de l'Ecole et aussi en tant que membres de l'Association Etudiante de l'Ecole des Affaires Publiques et Communautaires. Que cela soit notre participation à des journées "spéciales", à notre journal étudiant (vous vous souvenez: le Forum) ou bien à des rencontres avec des invités spéciaux organisées par l'Ecole, nous devons bien admettre que notre attitude en tant qu'individus et que groupe face à ces événements a été bien souvent déplorable ! Qu'arrive-t-il à notre "esprit d'initiative" qui doit caractériser tous les étudiants de l'Ecole ? Y aurait-il un "manque de conscience" chez nous ? : pourtant à toutes les réunions de l'Association étudiante et même dans le Forum, ce problème a été soulevé à maintes reprises ! Est-ce un manque d'information ? : pourtant la liste des diverses activités et événements, avec toutes les coordonnées nécessaires, sont affichés sur le "billboard" des étudiants, annoncées dans le Forum, aux réunions de l'Association étudiante et durant les classes ! Est-ce un manque de contact avec notre gouvernement étudiant ? : peut-être; il demeure cependant en core possible d'aller parler et discuter de nos projets ou de nos problèmes avec NOS deux co-ministres ou bien durant une réunion étudiante...

La question qui se pose ici est la suivante: "Qu'est-ce qui se passe chez nos étudiants ?"

Lors de notre admission à l'Ecole, il était très clair que les étudiants devaient s'impliquer et participer au bon fonctionnement de l'Ecole si on voulait en faire une expérience durable et surtout valable. Cela ne semble pas être le cas aujourd'hui: nous retrouvons toujours le même petit groupe d'étu-

diants qui travaillent, de peine et de misère bien souvent, pour faire avancer un projet qui était pourtant supporté, à l'origine, par la majorité des étudiants : Pourquoi est-ce ainsi ? Est-ce le "syndrome" de l'Apathie étudiante, un manque inconscient (et pas très mature) de responsabilités, un "malaise" face à d'autres étudiants, à l'Association ou peut-être au gouvernement étudiant même ? Qui sait quoi d'autres ? ...

Une chose est certaine: l'an dernier lorsque nous avons composé et approuvé notre nouvelle Constitution, nous avons fait un choix conscient (et qui s'avèrera peut-être suicidaire si cela continue comme cela): notre "nouvelle constitution" fonctionnerait uniquement que si elle recevait l'appui et la participation d'un grand nombre d'étudiants ! On peut en dire, sans doute, autant pour l'Ecole des Affaires Publiques et Communautaires en tant qu'institution.

Un temps sérieux de réflexion s'impose: il revient à tous et chacun de nous à réfléchir sur ce que nous voulons tirer de notre expérience de l'Ecole et aussi de l'Association Etudiante: trop de travail a été fait par trop d'étudiants au cours de ces trois dernières années pour qu'on puisse passer par dessus ce problème ! ... Si nous voulons faire de l'Ecole, à travers l'Association Etudiante et les activités diverses (commenditées par l'Association ou l'Ecole), une expérience valable où une vraie communauté existe et évolue, il s'impose de poser les gestes en conséquence: sinon, nous devrions, sans l'ombre d'un doute, laisser la place à d'autres étudiants qui sont plus motivés, et, peut-être, plus sincères...

Il serait sans doute de mise d'en discuter lors d'une réunion étudiante (si tous se donnent la peine d'y venir): Notre prochaine fin de semaine à Lacolle, prévue pour mai, nous fournirait l'occasion idéale pour faire une réflexion sinon une mise au point qui ne pourrait certes pas nous faire de tort. Plusieurs solutions sont à notre portée: Il n'en dépend que de nous pour les examiner et les appliquer.

BY MICHELE BADIN

System's analysts have suggested that the more complex a system becomes, the more difficult it is to interpret from experience or to make decisions politically. Computer simulations of system activity, be it the Canadian political system or the international order, are increasingly being used to respond to this assessment of rational decision-making. Reliance upon 'interest affected' decisions made by one or more individuals is believed to be less scientific and less efficient. Fears of being ruled by technology are inevitably triggered when considering this approach to society.

Computers offer information for the complex social system. Now, that home computers and increasingly sophisticated software are doing well on the market, the impact of such a 'technique' orientation becomes an increasingly important concern. One wonders for example, how the legitimacy of information available on home computers will be assessed. Books contain viewpoints and interpretations that are always debatable at some level, and often encourage reflection. Information provided on a computer screen does not bring with it the same contingency context. If computer information is standardized information, as current plans for the market suggest, by what criteria will that from which we derive our knowledge be deemed correct? The problem arises from the activity of deriving knowledge or 'new information' from images on a screen as opposed to the activity of human interchange. Unlike in other 'mass-media', values are more difficult to discern when communicated through the computer medium. Legitimacy is more difficult to interpret.

If complex systems are counterintuitive, as is increasingly asserted, the computer and its impact on our social understanding is an important tool to be studied from this perspective. The many positive features computer technology offers must be studied for their perhaps not so positive impacts on our approach to knowledge itself.

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FACING REALITIES

IF YOU LOVE THIS PLANET

BY: Sandra Pépin

Today is SCPA day. The theme: nuclear disarmament. The time: 15h45. I'm sitting in economics debating on whether or not I should announce the movie, If You Love This Planet, which will be shown later on at the School. If I do, those interested will have to leave the lecture fifteen minutes ahead of time. Will the teacher mind?

(It is vital that we see modern weapons of war for what they are—evidence of madness... This is a world where children are dying while we continue to pour our best efforts into preparing for armageddon... (The Most Reverend R. Runcie, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1981)

Yes, it is important that we see...

"Excuse me Sir, could I have a few minutes to make an announcement?"

"Sure, but make it quick."

(It's quick. It requires no complicated procedure, just the press of a button...The whole thing is over within half an hour...)
(H. Caldicott, If You Love This Planet)

The announcement is made. The lecture begins. No one seemed interested. A few groaned! "Not another pacifist!" Could this be taken as a sign of rampant social apathy towards the possibility of a nuclear holocaust? Are these peoples' attitudes a good example of what the population thinks in general? The lecture in Macroeconomics continues...

At 16h45 I discreetly leave. Ten people follow. Now, if thirty percent of the students in an economics class leave a lecture, the issue must be deemed important. People are scared, worried and yes, curious. "This movie (documentary) made headlines, I wonder what Reagan is 'bitching' about."

If You Love This Planet, narrated by Dr. Helen Caldicott and produced by the National Film Board of Canada, is a powerful portrayal of the implications of a nuclear war. Only a staunch and insensitive "redneck" could sit through it without feeling something negative towards the nuclear buildup. The sequence of pictures showing mutilated and twisted bodies, while Dr. Helen Caldicott lectures on the possibility of a nuclear war one hundred times stronger in impact, shocks the brain into understanding the gravity and urgency of the situation. If such misery, damage and suffering happened to the Japanese at the hands of a "bitter, christian, civilized people", who's to say worse won't happen today.

Picture:

(Everything within six miles will simply vaporize; twenty miles away—dealt and severe burns; forty miles away—instant blindness caused by the burning of the retina...asphyxiation... People who managed to make it to a shelter will have to remain underground for several weeks. When they exit they will be susceptible to all diseases. Healthcare will be non-existent. Exposure to the sun for more than several minutes will result in third degree burns because the ozone layer will have been destroyed. Within thirty days 90% of the world's population will be dead...)

(H. Caldicott, If You Love This Planet)

Picture the world with no vegetation, no animals, no life ... except for the cockroaches. Can you imagine the decay, the misery and the pain. It is no wonder that in the event of a nuclear war: "the living will envy the dead."

The Russians have weapons permitting them to destroy every American at least twenty times. The Americans have weapons to kill every Russian forty times. How many times can you kill a man, woman or child.

What is the issue? Each wants to be number one, each fears the other. President Reagan accuses the Soviets of "the most massive build-up of military power in history" and "aggression and support for violence around the world." (Vow Newsletter, Oct. 1982) In turn, foreign minister Gromyko of the Soviet Union, accuses the U.S.A. of wanting to become the world's foremost military power and states that "the U.S.S.R. assumes an obligation not to be the first to use nuclear weapons." (Vow Newsletter, Oct. 1982) Chacun se lance la balle! In fact, what are their military situation? According to Ernie Kegehr, Project Ploughshares, the situation is as such:

"It is generally believed that there is overall parity of nuclear arms on both sides, but that the U.S.S.R. has superiority in land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles and the U.S. has superiority in strategic aircraft and submarine, launched ballistic missiles. Hence, the difficulty of agreeing to any "missile for missile" reduction of armaments."

The underlining feeling is that the security of a country can only be insured by deterrence and by adequate strength, adequate compared with that of a potential aggressor. No one moves without the assurance of the fact that the other will follow. Worse, neither trust one another.

Whatever the compromise, if compromise does occur in time, whatever the rules of the game and who will own "boardwalk" one fact cannot be ignored: if nothing is done we won't have a Monopoly Game to play on. Dr. Caldicott predicts that the odds are fifty/fifty that a nuclear war will occur before 1985. Is time running out for all of us?

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REAL CAOQUETTE: PLUS QU'UN "CAR DEALER".

Darquise Lafreniere

Souvent au cours de l'année, que ce soit durant la classe d'histoire, de science politique ou de sociologie, le nom de Réal Caouette fut mentionné et sa doctrine (Crédit Social) commenté. Cependant je crois sincèrement qu'on a été injuste à son égard car l'image projetée par mes professeurs ne correspond pas du tout, à mon avis, à la réalité. C'est pourquoi je vole à la rescousse de mon ancien député et tenterai de vous faire connaître davantage ce Canadien. Vous serez en mesure de forger votre propre opinion par la suite.

Réal Caouette est né à Amos en 1917. Curieusement c'est dans cette même année que le major Douglas, ingénieur en construction de barrage aux Indes, élabore sa théorie du Crédit Social. Il est indéniable que Caouette possédait un don d'orateur extraordinaire. Faut dire qu'il a développé cet art dès son plus jeune âge alors que juché sur un vieux moulin à laver il répétait, presque mot pour mot, le sermon prononcé quelques heures plus tôt par le curé.

Il fréquentera en 1932 le Collège de Victoriaville où il obtiendra son diplôme en commerce. Par la suite il trouvera un emploi comme commis à la Banque Canadienne de Commerce d'Amos. Caouette recevra l'"illumination créditiste" lorsqu'il lira un article de Louis Even publié dans la revue Vers Demain. C'est alors qu'il décida de s'embarquer dans le mouvement, qui à cette époque n'était pas encore un parti politique.

En 1937, Duplessis fait adopter sa désormais célèbre "loi du

cadenas" pour contrer le communisme. On essaya de démentir le Crédit Social en l'accusant de faire partie de cette école de pensée. En 1939 une commission de neuf (9) théologiens étudièrent la doctrine du Crédit Social à la lumière du catholicisme et ne trouvèrent aucun facteur répréhensible.

De 1939 à 1942 Réal Caouette fera du porte à porte pour promouvoir son idéologie et couvrira ainsi la presque totalité de l'Abitibi-Témiscamingue. Durant l'été sa femme et ses enfants l'accompagnaient, tous dormant sous la tente le soir venu. A ce moment il résidait à Rouyn.

On a souvent identifié le Crédit Social à la religion et ce fut vrai jusqu'en 1957. Cette année-là cependant Caouette se dissocia complètement de Gilberte Côté-Mercier et ses Bérets Blancs qui désiraient accroître davantage l'orientation religieuse du mouvement. Caouette leur expliqua que Douglas, Aberhart et Manning n'avaient jamais été catholiques et qu'un protestant ou un anglican pouvait être aussi compétent au niveau politique et économique. Peine perdue. Il fondera alors en 1958 le Ralliement des Créditistes. Il sera élu député de Pontiac en 1962.

Réal Caouette était un tribun merveilleux, on l'a déjà dit, et il a fait beaucoup pour son comté. Il était intarissable et possédait une façon très imagée de dire les choses. On raconte qu'à la Chambre des Communes, quand on savait qu'il prendrait la parole, tous les sénateurs, les fonctionnaires et les messagers se précipitaient pour l'entendre. Il y a quelques années, il animait une émission télévisée à la station locale. A 18H30, le samedi soir chez-nous le silence était de rigueur car tout le monde se ruait vers la TV pour l'écouter Caouette". Quand les gens avaient des problèmes de quelque nature que ce soit, il n'était pas rare qu'on entende dire "ben vas voir Caouette, il va t'arranger ça".

Réal Caouette c'était un député qui parlait le langage du peuple et qui n'avait pas peur de donner son temps pour ses électeurs. C'est pourquoi je comprends difficilement qu'on accorde tant d'importance aujourd'hui aux partis politiques. J'ai l'impression que maintenant la politique est devenue purement et simplement du business. Quand je vois nos députés modernes qui sont toujours tirés à quatre épingles et qui emploient des mots longs jusqu'à demain, je trouve ça dommage et je doute de leur désintéressement et de leur vocation réelle de serviteur de la communauté.

On pourra toujours prétendre que la théorie du Crédit Social se voulait risible, on pourra toujours affirmer que ce parti n'obtenait du succès que dans les régions éloignées (manque de discernement de la part de ces gens?), on pourra toujours traiter Réal Caouette de "car dealer" ou de "pelleteux de nuages", mais pour toute la population de l'Abitibi-Témiscamingue, Réal Caouette c'était le Bon Dieu. Sa mort aura dépouillé le Canada de l'un des politiciens les plus vrais de son histoire.

THE FORGOTTEN HOLOCAUST

50th ANNIVERSARY OF THE MAN-MADE FAMINE IN UKRAINE - 1933 -

by Andrew Hluchowecy

In 1932-33 some six million Ukrainians lost their lives in a man made famine in the Soviet Union. This was a human tragedy of a magnitude unparalleled in the annals of European history before the slaughter of the Jews by Hitler's regime. But, whereas the Jewish holocaust is now well known and well documented, and continues to elicit the interest of both scholars and the general public, the Ukrainian famine is hardly known in the West. Created artificially and executed secretly by Stalin's regime it has always been denied by Soviet authorities and is rarely mentioned by western historians. It is only recently that the famine began to appear more frequently in western publications.

Ironically, this artificially induced famine occurred in one of the richest farming districts of the entire Eurasian Land Mass. The Ukraine, rich in grain and foodstuffs has long been considered the breadbasket of Europe. The agricultural importance of the Ukraine, as well as its oil and mineral wealth, have made it subject to centuries of Russian persecution, oppression and exploitation. This oppression saw one of its darkest and grimest moments in the great famine of 1932-33. While the immediate cause of the 1933 famine was the seizure of mass quantities of grain from the peasantry by representatives of the communist regime, the motive was to destroy the Ukrainian nation as a viable political and social force opposed to Stalinism.

The Ukrainians which had seen a brief period of political independence and autonomy in the years 1918-1921 are a distinct, separate people rich in culture and tradition, who have long aspired to a free and sovereign Ukraine independent of Russian rule and domination. These ideals however, conflicted with Stalin's vision of a centralized and Russianized Soviet Union. As a result Stalin ordered the "final solution" to the Ukrainian problem in 1933, when in an attempt to collectivise all agriculture in the U.S.S.R., he launched a campaign of genocide against the population of Eastern Ukraine whereby millions perished. There is sufficient evidence to label this Soviet-induced genocide as the greatest famine of the 20th century. In terms of mortality, it was of the same magnitude as the Jewish holocaust of the second world war.

Numerous eyewitness accounts describe whole villages in the rich farmlands being depopulated, desimated and ravaged by the man-made famine. There are accounts of mass burials and outbreaks of cannibalism to contain the famine strictly to Ukrainian areas. The Soviet regime established border checkpoints to prevent the starving millions from fleeing into Russia where food was plentiful, and to prevent those going to Ukraine from taking food with them. As a result of this deliberate control, Ukrainians were forced to resort to eating bark, leaves, and domestic animals.

While millions of Ukrainians starved, the western press remained silent. The Ukrainian holocaust of 1933 had to compete with such newsworthy events as Hitler's rise to power, the great depression, and

Japanese expansion into China. All these events drew attention away from the Soviet Union who continually denied the existence of this human tragedy.

Throughout the long, hard months of the famine in which Moscow succeeded in decimating Eastern Ukraine, breaking the Ukrainian spirit and crushing the Ukrainian resistance movement, between six and ten million Ukrainian peasants lay victim and presented testimony to the struggle and brutality of the oppressor. Meanwhile Soviet authorities continued to export millions of bushels of high quality Ukrainian grain to the West in an attempt to disprove the claims of numerous western journalists that this Soviet-induced famine, a national policy of the U.S.S.R., was actually in effect. A French journalist writing for Le Matin on December 31st 1933 summed it up best. He wrote:

"The systematically organized famine has as its objective, the destruction of a nation whose only crime is that it is striving for freedom. Ukraine has come under the impervious rule of Moscow and the communist regime against her will...the regime has quickly managed to reduce the land to its present situation."

BEYOND (THE AGE OF) REASON...

(apologies to Margaret Trudeau...
condolences to Maureen McTeer).

BY GLEN MURRAY

Fifteen years ago, on April 6 1968, Pierre Elliot Trudeau won the race for the leadership of the Liberal Party with the promise of a just society. In a matter of weeks someone will win the leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party on some just-contested procedure. For any Canadian political party, the selection of a new leader is the time when a party tries to put its best foot forward and avoid the compulsion to shove both feet into a position roughly perpendicular to their torsils. The Tories are an amusing lot. When not shooting themselves in the foot they are busy handing out Peckford or camp designer silver daggers to retiring leaders while a chorus of young Tories sing "it's later than you think". Who are these proverbial lambs to the slaughter galloping up the polls to stornaway? There is our very own member of Concordia's Board of Governors- Brian "they love me in Schefferville" Mulroney, whose campaign manager sent letters to the student members of the Board asking for donations to the "our friend Brian" campaign. The only seat Mr. Mulroney has spent less time in than those in the Concordia Boardroom is in the House of Commons. We look forward to meeting "our friend Brian" one day. Then we have Mulroney's understudy Peter Blaikie, a true Tory. He also ran in two attempts in a safe Liberal seat in the West Island. This man with blow-dry hair and a blow-dry personality is referred to as the West Island's most ineligible prepie in the other political camps. Like Michael Meighen, without an electorate to support him, he went on to become President of the party.

John Crosbie, whose accent and politics change somewhere between St John's and Ottawa, would be a fine addition to the international scene if his leadership bid is successful. He has the charm of Menachem Begin, the wit of Helmut Kohl, the depth and perception of Ronald Reagan, and the social graces of an Argentinian General. Then there is Peter Puck, the little rich man who got tired of watching hockey players beating each other so he became a groupie at Tory conventions. His claim to fame is that he tells better jokes than Joe Clark. He has probably been the butt of more jokes as well. There are a host of others such as David Crombie, Toronto's answer to the Pillsbury dough boy and many other names that will not make it to the second ballot.

The one bright light in this room full of dim wits is Michael Wilson. Probably one of the only philosophically true conservatives, he has a mastery of public and economic policy issues and a depth rarely seen in the Tory caucus. In this zoo of bored wealth and two bit opportunists, his and the voices of the real conservatives will be lost because now we are overwhelmed by the "new Tories". What is a "new Tory"? It is simply a Tory who knows whether you need to wear a Clark or Mulroney pin to have your membership card validated to vote at your local riding association's delegate selection meeting. For a more complete answer let me relate a few stories:

It was a spring day in Kamloops B.C. when the Tory riding association president collapsed and the membership secretary tore up her membership card. Amway, that company that is so familiar with the Canadian judicial system, recruited 250 "new Tories". The officials of Amway explained they were not getting involved in partisan politics - they just thought the Kamloopians should be more interested in politics. The results of the vote: three Amway distributors elected as delegates. The Tories could have a whole new marketing strategy in their distribution of membership cards; one free bottle of Amway toilet bowl cleaner for every new membership.

At the riding association meeting in Montréal, Mulroney and Clark supporters were enticing some old boys in to vote. You see every weekend Brian and the boys get together over a few Molsons and discuss back-room politics. They seem to have decided that the Old Mission Brewery and the Salvation Army had become hot beds of conservative politics. After going down to sign up, a few cases of beer were passed out to baptise these born again Tories. Original sin has a whole new meaning to conservatives, so residents of old folks homes beware.

To become a "new Tory" you don't have to be old or down and out. They said Joe Clark was the conservatives' contribution to the United Nations Year of the Child but they've taken it one step further. The Tories are out to touch the hearts and minds of the nation's youth. In Canada we have legal age requirements for consent, voting, and certain movies not shown in small towns in Ontario. They are all based on the concept of an age of reason. Beyond this, we have the level of maturity and intellectual development needed to elect who will be the next leader of the Opposition and quite possibly of the country. The Conservatives have decided that the age of reason for a Tory occurs somewhere between conception and grade school. So before you kids get worried about learning how to tie your shoe laces, clearing your complexion, or getting permission to stay out late on Saturday night, you've got to run down to your local riding office and ask the nice man for a membership card. If you do as he asks he might give you a lollipop. My personal favourite was a nine year old who is voting for Brian Mulroney "because he handles his money better than the other guy."

We cannot forget Concordia's Young Tories. Some are weary souls who have just left the success of the Municipal Action Group to enter Federal politics. They will long be remembered as the only student(?) group to run roughshod over almost every University and CUSA qualification for forming a student organization. Their support for a candidate is as passing as their respect for University procedures. There are a group of them ready to contest their own delegate selection, and student representatives ready to challenge the legitimacy of the organization. They are supporting Clark, Mulroney or Blaikie, depending on who you talk to. It is truly amazing how these campus Tory groups come out of the woodwork at convention time. It's sort of like being Irish on St. Patrick's Day without the green beer.

I wonder if the "Young Tories" within the SCPA realize they are in the only party whose membership cannot vote on party policy and platforms. There is no such thing as a decisional policy convention. Students of community and public affairs are supposed to be concerned about how people can effect the formation of public policy among other things.

The cause of the roller derby-like conventions and vengeful rivalries

and division within the Tory party might have something to do with the fact that political disagreements can only really be argued out through the personalities of the leadership candidates and caucus infighting. This has produced contradictory stands and party literature and policies that are so simplistic they could begin with "once upon a time..." Could any of these Tories tell us what conservative policies on EPF transfer payments are? These Federal programs fund half of our education and health care system. Before running off for an all-expense paid vacation in Winnipeg, some of them should look at tuition, student aid, and the general quality of education and health care under Tory governments.

The loose delegate rules that allowed stacked meetings, the Mulroney-Clark shoot-out, and the lack of debate over substantial issues will no doubt hurt the party's fragile credibility. Worse, it makes a mockery of the hard political choices Canadians will have to make in the coming years. If this is the ethics of a party in opposition, one can only wonder what we would be in for should it form a government. One would hope that the party which has never understood Québec could do better by representing its people than by engaging in the farce of synical vote grabbing. This has been demonstrated by those caught up in the media images and superficial glad-handing of their favourite Tory celebrity. Some concern should be directed at what place the new groups the party is courting (French Québec, students, and street people) are going to have in the hierarchy of power in the Conservative party. What has shifted to make room for them? There may be a smell worse than that of stale beer and martinis hanging in the air of convention hospitality suites if the Tories don't start taking themselves and this nation's future a little more seriously.

In 1968 the Liberals got the nation high on personality cult politics and media hype in the polls suggest we are in for a hangover after this party

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VIVRE A DEUX

OU

TOUT CE QUE VOUS AVEZ TOUJOURS VOULU
SAVOIR SUR LES "ROOMATES" DE L'EAPC
SANS JAMAIS OSER LE DEMANDER.

Tout d'abord c'est le réveil de Mary-Anne à 7h30. Elle se lève et me réveille, car je n'ai pas de cadran (j'en ai bri-sé deux en deux semaines). Le déjeuner: je regarde manger Mary-Anne, c'est fou la quantité qu'elle peut avaler au réveil. Le temps que je sirotte encore mon café, elle a déjà bouffé des céréales, des "toasts", des oeufs, des patates rôties, du bacon, etc. C'est vraiment beau de la voir s'empifrer. Parlons un peu de sa tenue, elle porte toujours au réveil sa robe de chambre "carrottée" don de sa grand-mère. Elle est très en forme le matin, c'est frustrant. Son sport favori est de m'enlever mes pantoufles lorsque je déjeune (grrr!).

Mais Ann ne cède pas sa place. Elle n'est pas aussitôt levée qu'elle pleurniche parce-qu'elle s'ennuie de son "Roméo". (Il étudie à Québec.) Je ne sais plus où donner de la tête: elle voudrait me marier, mais elle préfère son "Roméo". (De toute façon j'en ai un "Roméo" moi aussi, alors je peut facilement me passer d'elle.)

Parlons en de son "Roméo". Bob passe son temps à l'appartement et je l'appelle "papa". Je ne peux pas m'en plaindre car c'est lui qui corrige mes devoirs d'anglais. Je dois dire que Mary-Anne aussi les corrige. Mais après leur avoir fait corriger simultanément, il y a parfois des mésententes. Ça ne fait chaud au coeur de les voir se disputer sur la grammaire anglaise. J'adore semer la zizanie, comme elle dit si bien.

C'est ridicule les "tendres mots d'amour" qu'Ann et Yvan peuvent s'écrire. Il la compare à une libellule, mais si vous verriez Ann avec ses lunettes vous sauriez qu'il a raison. Passons à des choses plus intéressantes, comme mes talents culinaires. Je ne fais pas que des "hamburgers" moi. Mon répertoire inclut le steak de flétan à la Russe, côtelettes d'agneau au riz, saumon au four servi avec des carottes au vin, crème de cheddar, crème de carotte, etc. Alors in n'est pas surprenant que je sois au régime maintenant. Si vous avez quelques secrets diététiques, laissez-le moi savoir.

O.K. la grosse, t'as fini de te vanter. Moi aussi je fais de la bonne bouffe, mais je ne le cris pas sur tous les toits. Non mais vraiment, on ne peut plus avoir de vie privée, je ne croyais pas qu'elle irait aussi loin. Avant que l'histoire ne tourne au vinaigre, je vais arrêter ici. Je ne vous dirai pas

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qu'elle me fait laver le plancher, sortir les vidanges, qu'elle m'envoie chercher le courrier quand il n'y a que des vulgaires publicités de pizzeria. Pire encore vous ne croirez pas jusqu'où peut aller son sadisme. Imaginez-vous que l'autre jour, elle arrive d'aller chercher le courrier agitant une enveloppe: "une lettre de Romeo..." Je me précipite sur l'enveloppe, c'était un compte d'électricité. Quelle cruauté! Je me tais. Je n'en dirai pas plus. Je ne dirai rien au sujet des cris bestiaux. Dire qu'il y en a qui se demande si l'enfer existe!

(Je vous quitte, mon diner est prêt. Merci Mary-Anne de m'avoir préparé un... "Hamburger".)

PAR: MARY-ANNE GRIST ET
ANN MARCHAND .

SEXUAL HEALING IN THE BAD APPLE

by Joseph Burke

"I say New York, New York, the big apple
I say New York, New York City, the big apple
I mean folks be looking at ya, like ya a farmer or something, the big apple
And all you want to do is get back home to momma, the big apple
I said trainman let me ride" (Gene Dinwiddie)

Returning to this metropolis that once was my home away from home, a smile came over my sleepless face. Reminiscing of my very first visit to this foreign city, I was terrified once again. What if... rushing through my mind... this happens or that happens. Nonsense. I should be old enough and mature enough to encounter any danger. For a moment there I was confused. Maybe it was le "soleil levant", coming through les fenêtres had I forgotten I was the Lone Ranger.

As soon as I stepped off the coach and smelled the rancid air, I smiled a joy of relief for I knew that there wasn't anyplace like it. I couldn't wait to skip down the morning streets, singing a song. Actually, the only time one can feel relatively alone in N.Y.C. is at this hour. The sun was shining gloriously. A perfect day, a perfect place, a perfect time. For once I was going to let myself be free. No time to be here, no time to be there, no wham bam excuz me mam.

Meeting up with my good friend, Dr. Gonzo, we quickly took a walk on the wild side. As I said nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina. Oh, no! I'm starting to hallucinate—back to New York. Walking through Central Park on a Sunday afternoon, getting high and watching the moon is an experience one should re-tell. Actually I'm not going to because the censors (better known as the editors) will cut the thing to shreds. Have you ever seen someone roller-skating on a pair of ice-skates? There, I told you no one would believe me. Anyways, ramblin' around this dirty old town, looking for nickels and dimes, gonna grab me a cab down to Baltimore, whoa! another time another place.

Actually, I did have my program pretty much together. I was running cross-town to catch some of the brothers, downtown to deal the pill on 4th St., back uptown to Harlem to jam with the band. A full day would be spent before again I viewed the morning light. The next day I would spend visiting the outlaws and inlaws.

"get-up, get-up,...wake-up, wake-up
oooooh baby now let's get down tonight
oooooh baby cuz you know you do it right
oooooh baby I need some lovin'
oooooh baby I can't hold it much longer
It's getting stronger and stronger

When I get that feelin'
I need sexual healin'
Sexual healin'
Helps me heal my mind" (M. Gaye)

It was like a dream come true. I sat right up straight for now, I knew my mission. I was the baddest apple in town, rotten to the core. I set off at once to find the gypsy and tell her the cure. I mean this was the biggest medical breakthrough since Salk discovered a cure for polio, I mean who needs an artificial heart when you can have sexual healin'. It's so much less traumatic and plus it feels so good. I considered going right over to Bellevue Hospital because I needed to do some preliminary experiments. However, on second thought I remembered the horrid tales of the psycho unit there and considering that my new method if proven successful would do the hospital administrators out of a gig, quickly realized that I needed another source until my theory of curing all ills would be realized.

I must suffer from premature senility, I was traveling with fifty-two of the most beautiful women in the world. They would make the June Tailor dancers over at Radio City Music Hall dance in running suits. I quickly called my sweetie, the Goose and said, "hey baby I've got something to knock your socks off", however I couldn't tell her over the phone so we arranged to meet, "toute de suite". I raced up to her room one floor above and knocked. I figured this was the perfect time to test my cure. When the door opened I hid on the side and started singing my new song,

"get-up, get-up let's make love tonight
wake-up, wake-up cuz you know you do it right
Baby, I got sick this mornin'
I see a storm inside me
Baby, the waves are risin' and risin'
When I get that feelin'

I want some sexual healin' (M. Gaye)
I heard a voice say, "Who's there", I replied, "the spirit", maybe this was the wrong room because that wasn't a familiar voice. I checked my bearings for I have been known to go down instead of up.

I told her that I had the key to her heart and she said, "walk right in, sit right down, baby let your hair hang down." Allrighta, I was home again. This was the Goose's friend, Baby Doll and she was a knockout. I was speechless when we came face to face. When you get that feelin' words are hard to come by. Luckily, the Goose came out of the closet with several other of her associates, so I loosened up a little and began my discourse on the art of sexual healin'.

Since that time, I have returned to my humble surroundings and continued my days of hard toil and little appreciation. Life goes on, "comme d'habitude". Now, I sit at home listening to my song on the box, reminiscing of the times I had and will have again when I return to the Bad Apple. Goodnight Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are.

Marvin, in N.Y.C.

SWEET REVENGE

To say that what had occurred was simply an unfortunate error would be understating the obvious. To say that it was a colossal screwup, although perhaps more accurate, still failed to take into account the repercussions which could follow. The government's internal euphemism was to call it "an irreproachable tactical oversight." After all, the government could never admit to itself or the country that it had erred.

Seldom does a military or scientific finding create such havoc in the corridors of power. But then again, seldom does a discovery have the potential to provoke mass hysteria and panic in an entire nation, as this discovery certainly did. For this reason it had been decided that no one outside of Congress would learn the truth until the situation had been satisfactorily brought under control.

The question which stuck in the mind of General William Macdonald, as he sat in his office staring long and hard at a portrait of the President, was how so many people could have been so ignorant for so long? If something was there, how could they have failed to see it? As Commander-in Chief of the Military Exploration Division for the past twenty-years, it was Macdonald who would have to accept the brunt of the responsibility for this latest threat to national security. And with his country engaged in fierce struggle for global

supremacy in the year 2776, the consequences promised to be devastating.

The crisis centered around what had come to be known in military circles as the "Forty-Nine Blind Zone", a code name for a region to the south which had been previously undetected. It had been simply ignored. In fairness it must be said that there was no apparent advantage to looking south since the lines of power ran in an east-west direction.

This area had been discovered quite by accident in the third inning of the fourth quarter in the year 2775. The radio detecting and ranging device had been pointed in that direction for the first time by an overly zealous, and partially plastered, terrengineer. The concern was a result of the "new world's" proximity and the disturbing knowledge that Canada had been vulnerable to an attack from the south for so many years without realizing it.

To understand the impact that such a discovery would have on the country, one had to understand what made Canada tick in the 28th century. The nation's bizzare psyche, although perplexing to the amateur psychologist, is understandable in historical terms. Canada was one of the few countries to escape virtually unscathed following the "Fifteen Battles of the Twenty-Fourth Century", or as it is better known "The Three Minute War." Three-quarters of the earth had been annihilated by belligerents whose identity was never learned. The most widely accepted theory concerning their whereabouts was

that they blew themselves to the highest reaches of the ionosphere. Unfortunately, they took billions of people with them.

The rebuilding process was quite rapid. Countries which had suffered the least destruction, such as Canada, assisted the less fortunate. What resulted was a colonial arrangement which allowed the earth to regain its former "glory". All was re-invented; all nations were rediscovered. Canada was at the forefront of this rebirth.

Colonialism, however, meant expansionism, and as a result Canadians developed a paranoia regarding all that was foreign to them. There was no nation, not even one of their colonies, which they trusted. The enemy - i.e. that which is not Canadian - had to be quashed. Canada, although a militarily powerful nation, constantly feared invasion. Canadians, although fiercely proud were scared as hell!

His fingers now interlocked behind his head and his feet resting comfortably on his desk, Macdonald remembered his nation's motto: "God has faith in us." Somehow he felt that he had single-handedly shattered that faith. Was it not, after all, God's express desire that Canada be the leader of the new civilized order? Yet how could it defend such a title when it could not even defend a fifteen-hundred mile border to its south.

That Canada paid so little attention to the South reflected the fact that all its great cities were located in the north. Southern Canada had become a vast wasteland. No Cana-

dian wanted to know what was there. no one cared.

The radio detecting and ranging device, itself discovered in 2756, revealed that there indeed was something there. It was definitely something "un-Canadian." Following this discovery and several secret meetings between the President, his executive, and military officials, sixty-thousand troops were mobilized along the southern frontier, naval vessels were anchored off both coasts, and a crack team of explorationists and terrengineers was dispatched to investigate. .

The team had returned hours ago. Macdonald was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Major Daniel Ryerson, leader of the expedition, who would brief him on their findings. Ryerson however, was presently undergoing the necessary medical examinations so it would be a long wait. Macdonald drank a beverage made of malted barley to steady his nerves.

When Ryerson entered the office two hours later, he deposited two massive binders on the General's desk. Macdonald feared their contents. Ryerson sensed this uneasiness and so he began his verbal report.

"It is safe to say, sir," Ryerson started, "that our national security is not in jeopardy." But before Macdonald could feel the slightest relief, Ryerson continued in a grave voice: "I must warn you, sir, that if certain parts of this report were public knowledge our global prestige would be seriously undermined. I recommend a coverup."

Macdonald was growing more curious. He leaned forward, his arms now on his desk, and urged the Major to continue.

"The land in question," said Ryerson, "was forme as the United States of America. We were unable to locate any life forms as we know them at the present but our evidence seems to indicate that in fact it was once inhabited."

"What you're trying to tell me," Macdonald interjected, "is that at one time there was intelligent life to the south of us."

"I never said that, sir," said Ryerson correcting the General. "All we know is that there were people there once."

"Well, the important thing is that they are not there now," added the General. "I take it they were killed during one of the battles, eh?"

"During the First, sir," Ryerson replied.

"Prior to its destruction, to whom did this colony belong? I take it it was one of ours."

"Well, not quite sir," said Ryerson hesitantly. "As a matter of fact you might say that we were one of theirs!"

When General Macdonald ceased laughing several minutes later he commended Ryerson for injecting some humour into what was for Macdonald a humourless situation. When informed that it was not a joke, Macdonald was startled.

"The southern air which you have contacted on your journey is playing havoc with your senses, my good fellow. I do not believe you are listening to yourself speak. How absurd! A colonial power at Canada's doorstep that actually controlled

us. I must tell that one to the President."

When Ryerson insisted that he had evidence to support his claims, Macdonald became aggravated. He rose from his chair, paced around his office and then stared at the poor major straight in the eye. "Do you expect me to believe for one minute that our ancestors would be foolish enough to allow themselves to be manipulated by prehistoric imperialists, eh?"

"Whether you choose to believe it or not is, at this point, not a concern of mine," Ryerson shot back in a loud voice. "You wanted a report of our findings. I am giving you a report. Now, shall I continue?"

Macdonald had been ready to dismiss it as senility but the Major was much too young. He had had great respect for Ryerson before. Something had definitely happened to the poor chap. Nevertheless, Macdonald decided to give him the benefit of the doubt for the time being and nodded for him to continue.

"Our reports indicate that at one time there were approximately four hundred million Americans on earth."

"But isn't Ameris the Japanese colony?", asked the General slightly confused about the term American.

"I think you're slightly confused about the term American," was Ryerson's response. "An American was a person who was born within the confines of the United States." After pausing to check some papers, he qualified his last statement. "It appears that one did not necessarily have to be born inside the country to be called an American. That's because of their wonderful "melting pot."

"Is that a 24th Century pressure cooker of some kind?" asked Macdonald.

"Oh, no sir," replied Ryerson with a small chuckle, as he painted a mental picture of millions of people being tossed into an enormous vat and a large hand throwing in a pinch of this and a touch of that to produce the perfect American. "It was quite a remarkable social phenomenon whereby a native of another country gave up his own culture and was cleansed of other such impurities in order to join in the pursuit of some national hallucination."

At this point Macdonald was totally perplexed. But the conduct of a primitive people was not his prime concern. He was interested solely in how it affected Canada.

"Did you know, sir," continued Major Ryerson, "that the Americans were the ones responsible for the disappearance of our fish in the twenty-first century?"

"What's a fish?" was Macdonald's question.

"I'll explain it to you some other time," Ryerson promised. "We also searched for some form of dwelling where these people lived in order to better understand them, but we could not find any. We are assuming that they lived in huts and tents and, because of the harsh climate in the northern regions, in igloos."

"What did they eat?"

"Moose meat, sir. And when none could be found, they ate something called 'fast food.'"

"How did you learn all of this?", asked Macdonald.

"Their history, for the most part, is recorded on a series of magnetic tapes. Unfortunately some were destroyed and others have large gaps in them and so were probably erased. So, we will never know the full story."

"I'm not sure the people or the government of Canada want to know the full story. I recommend that we put those tapes somewhere where they will never be found."

"I agree, sir," Ryerson stated. "I suggest that we place them in those huge silos we discovered ten years ago. No one could possibly go down to retrieve them."

"Good idea. For the sake of our pride and self-respect we must forget this unfortunate phase of our history." Macdonald, his mind slightly more at ease now, added as an afterthought, "We never were able to figure out what those silos were for anyway."

By Michael Di Grappa